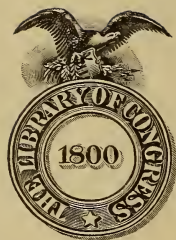


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D. H. Pennepacker

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orig. Mar. 12/170
"My brother, and companion in labour, and fellow-soldier, but your messenger."

Philippians II., XXV.

The Apostle Paul was very fortunate in his friends. Their sympathy and co-operation increased his efficiency. Wherever he went on his missionary journeys, he either found persons kindly disposed, or else he won some few over to himself, and left them to carry out his plans while he went on to other places. Such men as the inquiring and devoted *Aquila* and the eloquent *Apollos* were very helpful in the Corinthian work. Titus and Timothy could be entrusted with metropolitan churches, and could properly represent Paul in large and important districts. *Silas* was an excellent traveling companion, steadfast, courageous and prudent. *Epaphras*, *Tychicus*, *Epaphroditus*, *Erastus* were faithful messengers to and from the churches. *Luke*, the beloved physician, was a friend of dark and trying days—and so with many others of less note, who sustained the great apostle in the midst of his toil and suffering. *Epaphroditus*, of whom our text speaks, went to Rome from Philippi, during Paul's imprisonment, carrying with him a contribution in money from the church to the apostle. Paul speaks of him with peculiar affection; calling

him, as we have seen, his "brother and companion in labour and fellow-soldier"; and, referring to his sickness and recovery, says: "God had compassion on him, and not on him only, but on me also, that I might not have sorrow upon sorrow." It is not at all improbable that the very exalted piety of the Philippian church was due, in large measure, to the consecration and self-forgetfulness of this man Epaphroditus.

What was true of the great apostle, in his world-wide efforts, is true of every Christian worker in his more limited sphere. We all of us work with the labor of others. The common truths of the present hour are the truths which made famous a Newton or a Galileo. The sympathy and co-operation of others is also a part of our capital. We depend upon it more than we can realize. When there are good strong minds and generous hearts to support our efforts, we have no fear of ill-success. Often Christian work goes on, and these supporters fail to receive the praise honestly their due. The heavy foundation stones are not noticed when the lighter columns and domes attract attention. Yet, in a careful estimate of the work accomplished, the foundation is all-important.

It was the chief honor of the friend, whose early death we mourn to-day, that, for so many years, he played the part of a "brother and companion in labour, and fellow-soldier" to this church and its pastor. And it is in remembrance of the honor he won for himself, and the help he afforded us by his kind and

noble-hearted sympathy, that we now speak. He had rare endowments of mind, as we shall see; his knowledge was very accurate and extensive; his culture the best afforded by the schools. Yet it is not on account of these things that we undertake to tell the story of his life, but rather that we may exalt his courage, and generosity, and faith, which made him very dear to those who knew him.

BIRTH.

JAMES HARRISON DWIGHT was born on the island of Malta, October 9th, 1830. If a human life is at all affected by the place, or surroundings, of birth, then may we discover, in the history of this little rocky island, the spirit which was the life-long characteristic of this our friend. Malta, it will be remembered, was the home of the Knights of St. John, and the scene of their valiant defense against the mighty armaments of the Turks. Here, La Valette, the head of the order, illustrated the efficiency, and value too, of chivalry, as an institution of the times. Ever since the spirit of these brave knights seems to linger about Malta. It is hard to walk the streets of its chief town, or even to ride at anchor in its harbor, without thinking of them.

A spirit like this spirit of the Knights of Malta actuated Mr. Dwight, and had much to do with the success and disappointment of his life. For he was ever to be found where he felt that

duty and honor called him; and his position once taken, it was hard to move him or change his views. Prudent and conservative men often thought him unwise, and sometimes dangerous, while he never questioned wisdom or danger in doing what he regarded as right. This spirit made him a bold and independent thinker, and a true soldier for his country. Yet when it was misunderstood, or improperly directed, it interfered with his worldly success. It is a sad confession to the weakness of human nature, that a spirit, so chivalric, meets with less of a reward than one more cautious or time-serving.

The mother of the little boy had been left alone by her husband, who, in company with Dr. Eli Smith, had gone to Armenia, Syria, Persia, and Georgia, on a tour of exploration. It was not until the child was nine months old that the father saw him, and then he had to look through the gates of a quarantine, where he was confined, and see those he loved standing at a distance from him. The mother held up the boy to the fond gaze of his father, but neither were allowed to approach the quarantine.

PARENTS AND HOME.

The parents of Mr. Dwight were most excellent people. His father, the Rev. H. G. O. Dwight, D. D., was descended from the family of Dwights, which, in its different connections, or branches, has furnished a great deal of valuable thought to our

country. He was a missionary, laboring in Turkey, with his home for many years at Constantinople. Dr. Dwight was killed in a railroad accident, while on a visit to America, some ten years ago. His attainments and wisdom did much to promote the cause of Christ along the Bosphorus.

Mrs. Dwight was the daughter of Joshua and Ruth Baker, of North Andover, Massachusetts. She was a woman of rare mind, but of greater piety. Her whole soul was absorbed in her love of her Saviour, and her desire to extend his salvation. Some idea of her religious devotion, and so of the influences surrounding the boy Harrison, may be gathered from this extract, written by her own pen: "A mother must be the model, and almost the only model of virtue and religion her children will have. She must be their teacher, their companion, their playmate, their nurse, and everything else. Her little ones must live in her presence, from morning till night, whether she be sick or well. If she goes to the throne of grace, her children must be by her side, or her heart will be drawn away by the thoughts of their physical or moral danger." And again, on his fifth birthday, she writes: "Oh, if this could be his spiritual birthday! He loves very much to hear the story about the marriage of the king's son, and the man who had not on the wedding garment."

For seven years the boy, with other children added to the household, enjoyed this mother's care. Then she was stricken down by the plague, and passed away to the rest that remains for

God's people. Some time before her death, in June, 1832, Dr. Dwight had removed his family from Malta to Constantinople, and there established his home.

It is not hard to realize some of the features of home-life in Constantinople forty years ago. Missionary effort, and indeed European civilization, had scarcely begun to influence the people. Life was intensely Oriental, and the Christian home was made intensely Christian. An atmosphere of seriousness pervades the dwelling, for grave, earnest work engages its adult occupants. The languages must be studied, translations must be made, visitors received, churches and schools organized, sermons preached, and the many duties incident to pioneer work undertaken. The conversation at table and in leisure moments is largely religious or literary. The children pick up scraps of knowledge, as readily as they seize the crumbs from off the floor. Mrs. Dwight writes, in 1834: "I wish you could step into our room just now and see how literary we look. No less than three are studying the Turkish Grammar, and a fourth is teaching Armenian to a servant. * * * A change of circumstances obliges me to change speaking from Italian to Greek, and from this to Turkish, and to French, whilst, amid family duties." It is not surprising, that with such a training, our friend could speak the Turkish, French, German, and understand conversation in Armeno-Turkish and modern Greek, besides having the mastery of the classic Latin.

Our foreign missionaries have reared a very noble and intelligent class of sons and daughters. Notwithstanding the adverse surroundings of heathenism and false religion, there have come to this country from these distant lands some of the brightest and most cultivated intellects our colleges and seminaries have received. This is owing, in part, to the fact that remarkable men and women were sent by God on these first missionary expeditions, and, in part, to the influence of the home-life they organized. Did time permit, and the proprieties of the occasion allow, it could be shown clearly that the sons and daughters of these men of fifty years ago have brought as much credit upon their parents as the sons and daughters of an equal number of Christian parents remaining in this country.

BOYHOOD.

Dr. Dwight, on the death of his wife, was obliged to send his children to the Rev. Mr. Powers, a missionary stationed at Broosa, in Turkey. These were sad days for the boy of seven, now quite able to miss a mother's tenderness, and to shrink from the discipline of a strange hand. He suffered much during this absence from his father; and often alluded, in after life, to the agony of his soul in this bereavement. A second marriage of his father, in 1840, opened a new home for them all. Here they lived together, receiving their education, until that saddest of all times in missionary experience came to the parents. The oldest boy—now

seventeen years—must leave his home and go alone to America to complete his studies. Understanding the perils of life to a young man among strangers, far away from home, it requires a strong faith to make one resigned to such a separation. But it must be made; and so, with many prayers and counsels, the Oriental-American lad, far more of a Turk in manner than an American, is sent out into the world.

AMERICA.

We have no means of knowing when this life, in which we are now interested, became a Christian life. It seems probable that the religious experience was gradual in its manifestation, and was not accompanied by anything startling or even marked. There is good reason to believe, also, that this important change had occurred before the departure from home; for there is evidence that a controlling purpose directed the entire subsequent life.

The next few years may be passed over rapidly. On arriving in this country, Mr. Dwight went to Williston Seminary, at East Hampton, Massachusetts, where he graduated in 1848. Thence to Yale College, graduating with the class of 1852. Letters from Ex-President Woolsey, the late Prof. Silliman and Prof. Dana bear witness to his gentlemanly bearing and excellent scholarship during his college course.

From 1852 to 1855 he was in Union Theological Seminary, New York, pursuing, at the same time, some medical studies in

the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He also acted as private tutor in the family of Mr. Philip Tillinghast, then resident in New York.

At the close of his seminary course he was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Fourth Presbytery of New York, and in the same year (1855) he was married to Miss Susan E. Schneider, daughter of the Rev. Benjamin Schneider, D. D., of Turkey.

He continued his work as tutor in Mr. Tillinghast's family, his wife acting as governess. They were then living in Newark, New Jersey, and Mr. Dwight was accustomed to attend medical lectures at the Twenty-third street College, going to New York every day. He finished his course in 1857, but did not take a diploma for want of the formality of one year's previous registry as a medical student under some physician. He had some practice, however, among the poor of the city, as is customary with medical students. Thus educated in two professions, and remarkably gifted in the natural resources of his mind, he was prepared to carry into execution his cherished plans of life. But still he waited, that the plans might mature a little more, and that he might receive the assistance of his brother William, a student of the Scientific School of Yale College.

CHERRY VALLEY.

The financial troubles of 1857 interfering with the prospects of his undertaking, he did not make them public at that time. Instead, he accepted an invitation to supply the Presbyterian Church of Cherry Valley, New York, and, receiving ordination of the Fourth Presbytery in the Madison-Square Church, he went to his first ministerial work. Those were happy days for Mr. Dwight, the clouds of disappointment, which afterwards gathered over him, had not then appeared.

Cherry Valley, in Otsego county, is one of the most beautiful towns in the whole State of New York. The region about abounds in interesting geological formations, so that here Mr. Dwight had a rare opportunity to indulge his taste for the natural sciences, which amounted with him to a passion. I am told of his enthusiasm on discovering certain fossils, and he himself has described the remarkable exhibitions of geological strata he found in that valley. The people of his charge, too, were very intelligent, cultivated families, who had always resided where their ancestors had first settled. There was everything in this life to interest a mind like his; and we almost wonder that he should have left it so soon. But the cherished life-work must be undertaken. He had purposed to do something for the land whence he had come; and that purpose must be put into execution. So, in 1858, we find that he bids good-bye to Cherry Valley and settles for the winter in New York.

THE COLLEGE.

It has hardly escaped notice that the training of Mr. Dwight in two professions must have had a special design. That design now becomes manifest. The need of a college for the Turkish empire and surrounding nations had long been felt by the missionaries in the East, and by all intelligent travelers. Enough had been done by the direct efforts of missionaries, and by the Crimean War, to disturb the stolid indifference and positive hatred of the Ottoman government. Turkey had begun to wake up and look around at the signs of the times. Many young men of the empire had gone to Europe to study, and many more had entered the Roman Catholic schools established in Turkey under French auspices.

Mr. Dwight and his brother aimed to open an institution unsectarian in spirit, but entirely Christian. They would introduce English and the English classics to the Turks. They hoped in time to have a large, self-supporting institution, with a curriculum not unlike that of our leading colleges. The idea was a grand one, and the details of the plan were faithfully presented. It should be remembered that this enterprise was ahead of the other college enterprises which have since become influential and useful in missionary lands.

Fortified with credentials from the officers of Yale College and Union Theological Seminary, and earnest letters from such Oriental scholars as Dr. Hamlin, Dr. Dwight, Dr. Goodell and Dr. Schauffele, and having enlisted the sympathies of Hon. G. P. Marsh, late

United States Minister to Constantinople, the two young men called a meeting of leading clergymen and philanthropists. Mr. Marsh was present, and lent his knowledge of Turkish law to the new project. There seemed to be considerable interest aroused, trustees, even, were elected, when suddenly certain questions of importance led to a disagreement. The movement was arrested, and very soon word came from Constantinople that Dr. Hamlin had been invited to open, and manage, a college on the shores of the Bosphorus. We have nothing to say as to the merits of this case. It is not for us to locate the blame of this disappointment. It was a disappointment hard for any one to bear, and especially hard when it interfered with the plans of many years. Mr. Dwight never recovered from this disappointment. It tinged his whole subsequent life, and often found vent in sarcastic or bitter remarks. Had he gone to Constantinople, as the head of a college, he would have exerted a great influence. He was emphatically a student and a teacher. He loved study; he loved to teach. It is no disparagement of the honored president of Robert College to say that Mr. Dwight, at the head of the same institution, would have been respected and loved all through the Turkish empire.

Disappointed and feeling hard, he settled down with nothing whatever to do. The prospect before him was dreary enough. He had no means of support, except such as his own talents could afford him. He had tried the world, and had not succeeded in his trial.

At this juncture, in 1859, he was invited to assist in the formation of a new settlement back of the Palisades.

ENGLEWOOD.

Within a few miles of the great city of New York a large tract of land was lying idle, and was practically of little value. One main road, running from Hoboken to Piermont, and so north, was dotted here and there by simple farm-houses. The farmers raised their vegetables and other products, and carried them on their own wagons to the city by night, where often they sold them from the wagons in the early morning, and returned by noonday to their own homes. They were an industrious, honest and frugal people. While, on the other side of the river, a large population had settled, and land was held at a high valuation, here the population was very sparse and land was very cheap. A railroad made access easy, and people began to move out from the city, especially from Brooklyn. They came for relief from city cares; for health; for the pleasures of a country life. There was no formality; on the contrary, in many things, there seems almost to have been a community of goods. The region was fresh and interesting. The whole slope of the Palisades was to be explored. Roads must be built, timber felled, houses erected, gardens made, a church and school organized. Mr. Dwight came into Englewood, for this was the name given to the new settlement, at a

meeting of which he was chairman. He came to attend to the spiritual wants of the valley, and also to be interested in things temporal as well. It was a very hard position to fill; and it is not at all strange that many infelicities arose, and some things occurred to diminish the ministerial influence of Mr. Dwight. For no man can preach with power to an audience with whom he is living on terms of the utmost familiarity, and with whom he is engaged in the ordinary traffic and business of life.

Through the kindness of the native inhabitants of the valley, religious services were held, for a while, in private houses. Soon, however, the late Mr. James W. Deuel completed a school-house, and invited the little congregation to worship in its large room. Here all, of every sect, gathered each Sabbath, and united in the service, which Mr. Dwight led. In March of 1860 the chapel was completed, and he preached a dedicatory sermon from the text—

“My name shall be there.”

In May, a religious society was formed, and in June, by a unanimous vote, the society was placed under the care of the Fourth Presbytery of New York. On the 13th of June Mr. Dwight was called to the pastorate of the new church, and, on the 20th of the same month, he was installed.

While everything seemed to be brightening again, he was once more suddenly plunged into grief. For in February of 1860, his wife was taken from him, leaving him to struggle on alone with

an infant son, but a few days old. The sweet spirit of that sainted wife and mother still lingers about this place she loved. No one can fail to cherish her memory, when the words of affectionate respect from the people of her husband's charge are spoken. She must have been singularly pure and lovely to have left behind her memories which are so fresh among you even to this day.

With his work of many kinds in hand, Mr. Dwight could not be idle. He was much in the fields and in the woods. He visited every strange formation, gathered all the interesting flowers, made acquaintance with the birds, and insects, and animals around him. You, who were early over here, know this; and even those of us who came later can recall the walking parties, and the riding parties, and the picnics, where he was our cyclopedia. How often have you plucked some flower and hurried on to ask of him its name, or carried to him some fossil, and listened as he told you about it, or stood beside the great boulder and heard him spread before you the wonders of the drift period. His knowledge on these subjects seemed inexhaustible, and, for that matter, on every other subject, too. What a companion he was! How many anecdotes he had! How much rare information! How modestly he used it! We think of it now with sadness, that we have lost from our community such a compendium of useful and interesting knowledge.

WAR.

In 1861, when the war of the rebellion was well under way, Mr. Dwight asked a furlough of his church that he might enter the army as a chaplain. The furlough was granted, and he received an appointment as Chaplain of the Sixty-sixth Regiment of New York Volunteers. He was with the Army of the Potomac under General McClellan, through the experiences of Manassas and the Peninsula. He served under General Burnside; was at the second battle of Bull Run, at Antietam, and Fredericksburg. I am told that several complimentary notices for bravery were given him in general orders. At Antietam, by order of General Richardson, he carried a dispatch to his regiment across a corn-field, where the galling fire of the enemy made life a very cheap affair. He acted in every capacity as occasion required. He was chaplain, aid-de-camp, and surgeon—each and all by turns. By nature he was very brave, and then, added to this natural bravery, was the chivalric spirit which made him a very Knight in battle. Yet so modest was he, in speaking about himself, that but few of his friends knew the story of his army life. It required many questions to draw from him even a little of what he did in this grand struggle for the nation's existence. Besides these direct and soldierly efforts, he labored for a long time in the Christian Commission, to relieve the wounded, and supplement the efforts of the Government.

RETURN.

After eighteen months of service, the needs of his church compelled him to resign his commission and return to Englewood. I will not detain you by a minute recital of subsequent events up to the time of his retirement from the pastorate of our church. On October 18, 1865, he was married to Miss Josephine C. Wilder, daughter of the late S. V. S. Wilder, Esq. In March of 1866, he was attacked with bleeding of the lungs, the beginning whose end we witnessed the other day. He was very much weakened by this attack, and for a long time was quite unfit for work. Still he struggled on, trying to continue as pastor of the church he had founded and loved. There were many discouragements. He was not naturally fond of pastoral work, and it became increasingly irksome to him. He enjoyed the quiet of the study, and would have been glad, so he told me, to spend his time there, and come forth only to preach. Of course such a thing is impossible under our present arrangements. So he felt it best, taking all things into consideration, to resign his charge and rest awhile. His resignation occurred May 1, 1867.

It is thought to be a hard thing for a pastor to resign his pulpit and continue his residence in a village after his successor has entered upon his work—and indeed it is a hard thing—not one man in a thousand would have the nobility of soul to hold his peace under such circumstances; not one in five thousand would

be noble enough to act a generous, sympathetic, out-spoken part. So many little things will provoke criticism, so many ill-advised remarks will stir up jealousies—the heart itself is so prone to envy—that we can scarcely conceive of a position calling for more charity and grace. Yet he was all that he should have been, and more—never, in all these years, while his dwelling was hard by the sanctuary, never has the present pastor heard from his lips one word even of criticism. On the contrary, from the first meeting, when he gave a warm grasp of his hand, to the last conscious interview, when he raised himself in bed and kissed my cheek, he has been “my brother and companion in labour and fellow-soldier.” Was I sick? Who more ready to preach for me than he? Was I in search of knowledge? Who more willing to be read than he? Was I discouraged? Who more earnest in holding up my hands than he? On every special occasion he has borne a part, here in the sanctuary, and when some of you came to my dwelling last spring with words of love, you know better than I that *his* words were as earnest and sincere and affectionate, as were those of any whom God had permitted me to benefit. For this we cherish his memory. He exhibited a noble soul, and may the time never come to this church when his true brotherly kindness shall be forgotten.

AFTER HIS RESIGNATION.

After his resignation, he spent some months in general literary work, and in preaching as he had opportunity. In this way he served the First Presbyterian Church of Harrisburg, Pa., and the West Presbyterian Church, Dr. Hastings, of New York, besides many others. His preaching always attracted attention for its freshness and originality and independence. The remark made at his funeral, with reference to the interest taken by the Rev. Dr. Paxton, is a fair specimen of remarks which we, his friends, often heard. But still he did not secure an invitation to the pastorate of a church, and suffered all the time from the thought that men of less ability were sought, while his talents did not secure a market. About this time, he entered into the newspaper called the *Church Union*, now the *Christian Union*, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, editor. He had charge of the scientific department, and was elated with the prospects before him. His friends rejoiced with him, for he seemed peculiarly fitted for such a position. He also wrote the scientific matter of the *Independent*. We all of us hoped that these two connections would lead to something very advantageous. But disappointment met him here as before. One Monday morning he found a letter on his desk at the *Christian Union* office, informing him that his services were no longer required. He read the letter, went out upon the streets, walked off the bitterness of his disappointment, returned to his family, but neither by word nor look did any of

them imagine, for several days, how completely his prospects had been once more destroyed. The connection with the *Independent*, less formal and secure, continued but a short time.

Then came the matter of the Alcalde, where he expected to undertake the instruction and management of three boys at a generous salary. The plans were matured, and everything was ready for the papers to be drawn and signed, when the Alcalde disappeared, and again, a new disappointment.

Still he was hopeful—wonderfully hopeful. He would rise up from these repeated misfortunes, and enter into a new project with the most intense enthusiasm. This was characteristic of the man. We can say of him what Paul wrote of himself: “Perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.”

Only two weeks before his death, as he sat with both arms hugging a heating apparatus to keep warm, he told a friend of the oranges and almonds he expected to raise in California, while even then the hand of death was upon him.

HARLEM CHURCH.

One of the most pleasant connections of his life was that which he formed with a few earnest people in Harlem. He was invited over to preach in a hall to some families who were preparing to organize a new church. He went, Sabbath after Sabbath, preaching with acceptance, and lending his experience to

the formation of this enterprise. As a proof of the interest of this people, the session of the church, on his decease, directed their pastor, the Rev. E. L. Clark, to express to the family of Mr. Dwight their deep sympathy and profound respect, in a letter, of which the following is an extract :

“Every member of our congregation feels a personal loss. He endeared himself by the remarkable gifts of his mind, which distinguished him, to every one. He was so fresh and original, and still so affectionate and generous, that all seemed to have enjoyed and appreciated him, as much as if he had been the peculiar friend of each one alone.” This Harlem church will, in time, become one of the strong churches of New York city, so that our brother will live and be useful in the good work he did there.

PALESTINE EXPLORATION.

His last official engagement was with the Palestine Exploration Society. He died as its general agent. For some years there has existed, among Christians in Great Britain, a Society for the Exploration of the Holy Land. Quite recently a similar society was organized in America. The country east of the Jordan—the unknown lands of Moab or Bashan, where the two and a half tribes of Israel settled—was given to the Americans as their peculiar field of investigation. A complete expedition must be raised, and equipped and supported, in order to meet the demands thus laid upon our nation and our church. Mr. Dwight was

selected by the directors of the society as their agent. He devoted himself with the most untiring industry, and his own enthusiasm to this work, whose results will add so much to our knowledge of God's Word. All through the last summer, he was busy in searching after an engineer to command the expedition, in purchasing instruments, and in raising funds. The work was altogether too severe for him with his feeble health. The intensity of the summer heat, too, exhausted him. He lost strength month by month. We who watched him on his way to and from the city, can remember how sad a sight it was to see a man of middle life dragging about so diseased and weary a frame. Yet he did not despair. With all his other cares, he went in October to a distant part of Passaic County, and preached before the Presbytery of Jersey City, of which he was Moderator, and even wished, I am told, to speak in the political campaign which was then in progress. We have no means of knowing what his own feelings were about himself, but to family and friends he always spoke of his weakness as overwork—nothing more. Yet even at this time he was coughing every night, and burning away with the consumptive's fever.

On November 9th the chief of the Palestine expedition, Lieutenant Stever, of the United States Army, sailed on the steamer *Celtic*. Mr. Dwight came home that day, and began to yield to his disease. The pressure was off; the reaction had begun. He confessed that he was losing ground and must seek

rest. Your tender sympathy for your former pastor and friend had already anticipated such a necessity, and had provided the means for a winter's sojourn in a warm climate. He was told of this, and was very much touched by such an expression of regard. Again and again he said, "This is very kind. I have no demands upon them. You do not know how nice a thing this is for them to do." He prepared for a journey to California. He had the refusal of rooms on the *Ocean Queen*, of November 30th, when a kind Providence interfered and kept him at home that he might die among those whom he loved. He was confined to his bed on the 20th of the month, and, rapidly sinking, he passed away to the land where there is no sickness, weariness, and no disappointment, as the sun of December 2d was sinking in the west. He said few last words, for he was too weary to talk. Yet he told me often of his love for you, his people, and for this church he had founded. His life needed no dying testimony. It was a Christian life. He loved Jesus, his Redeemer, and that love fitted him to enjoy an eternal fellowship with Jesus in the skies. On Wednesday, the 4th of the month, we attended his funeral, and wept that we should see his face no more; and then his own family bore his body to its resting-place in Elizabeth.

Thus his life on earth is ended, and his heavenly life begins. The measure of the earthly life no man can estimate. If one

lives to a good purpose, when he cultivates his own soul in the truth of God, then his life was pre-eminent; if one lives to a good purpose, when he establishes churches and useful organizations, then he served his generation, for he did these things; if there is a purpose in a life, which communicates good unto many others, even when they hardly realize it, then was his life full of purpose; if there is dignity and honor in generous feelings, in fortitude under trials and disappointments, in a meek acceptance of the fortunes of life, then was his career honorable. Many of us, and very many others, can say, "We are better men and women, to-day, for having met and known Mr. Dwight."

His religious faith and one controlling religious thought was this, the personal Jesus living and ruling in the human heart. He had little sympathy with dogma, as such, nor would he accept a doctrine simply because it was held, and expounded, by some great divine of the past. He felt that the want of humanity is Jesus. When Jesus, the Saviour and Lord of men, shall be brought into contact with every soul, and shall be cheerfully accepted by every soul, then society will be perfect, and not until then. This simple faith made him exceedingly catholic in his friendships. He mingled with ministers of every denomination, and was loved by all. It enabled him, too, to pursue his investigations of a scientific character in a true spirit. And let me say here, that he had long been engaged on a book, whose object was to show how Jesus, the personal Saviour, is indeed *THE TRUTH*, or how *He* can re-

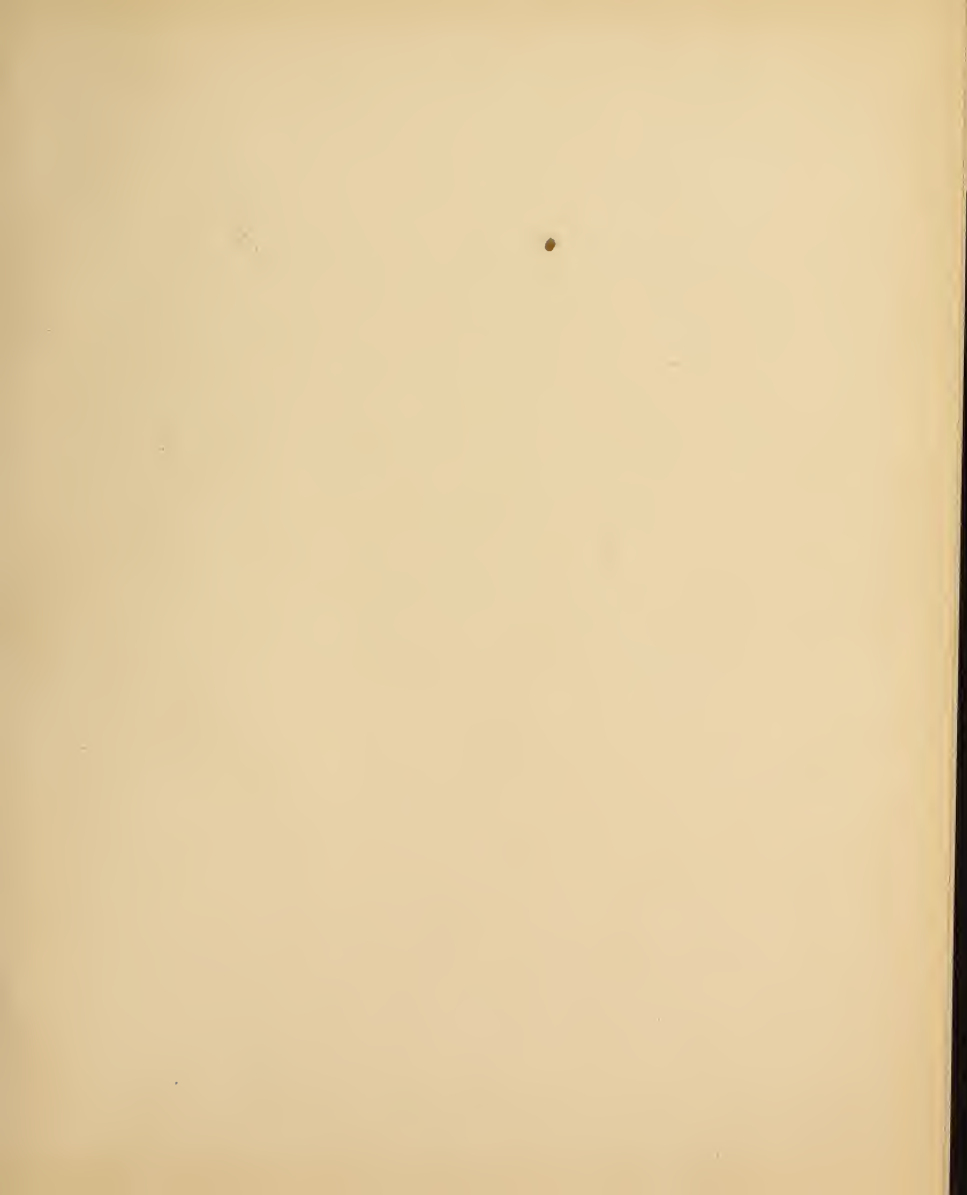
concile the differences, on religious questions, of sincere and earnest men. His faith was his comfort. He felt the friendship of Jesus. It made him the joy of his home, the pleasant companion of our literary circles; it buoyed him up; it cast a sweetness and a gentleness over these latter days. It was a grand thought. It is *the* thought of Christianity; the very marrow of the Gospel is in that word *Jesus*, the man of Nazareth, the Son of God. I honor him to-day as "My brother and companion in labor and fellow soldier," but I honor more that glorious Jesus, who taught him to be reverent, and self-denying, and pure, and gave him aspirations after things unseen.

How we shall miss him! It is hard to say *farewell!* "Very pleasant hast thou been unto me." In yonder seat, thou has been a kind and attentive listener to the truth of God; in yonder aisle, thou wast always ready with a word of sympathy and a friendly grasp of the hand; in yonder dwelling, thou didst welcome me and contribute to my weakness of thy strength; upon these hills, thou hast walked with me, and together we have taken sweet counsel; in our social circles, thou wast always interesting and instructive, and gladly would we sit at thy feet and receive thy words of wisdom; in this pulpit, thou hast often proclaimed the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, and sent us away with new and better resolutions. But now we say *farewell!* A little

while, however, and, by the grace of God, we shall meet, never more to part. There, in the Celestial City, it will be yours to tell us of God's handiwork, as seen in the golden streets, and the pearly gates and the mansions fair and bright.

Let us be of good comfort, therefore, and seek to enter where he has already gone.

THE END.



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